

Brooklyn, July 13, 1838.

Beloved Friend:

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As Mrs. May intends leaving us this morning for "home, sweet home," I must send you a few lines, in spite of the boisterousness of George Topsy, and the helplessness of little Willie - not in the hope of communicating a single item of intelligence, for there is none here, although there are some intelligent people, of course - but simply to say, that, as my love for you was never selfish,^{so} neither time nor distance can diminish it. I lament, on my own account, that we do not live within hailing distance of each other. It would be very pleasant to me to see your countenance every morning, and to enjoy your society every day. Whether we shall one day be permanently located by the side of each other, is among things problematical; but I feel an assurance that, spiritually, we shall be united for ever. These gross, material bodies of ours are not easily transported from one region to another, especially over such hills and mountainous elevations as abound in Connecticut; but mind is a swifter courier than the wind, and no discovery is yet to be made to give it additional velocity. The lightning that cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, is a laggard compared to it. Hence, I am with you, even now - i.e. all of me that is imperishable. Yet I want to see you in the flesh as well as in the spirit: and many there are in this vicinity, who feel the same yearning desire. For who, that has seen you once, does not desire to behold your face again? If there be such a person, I know him not - do you?

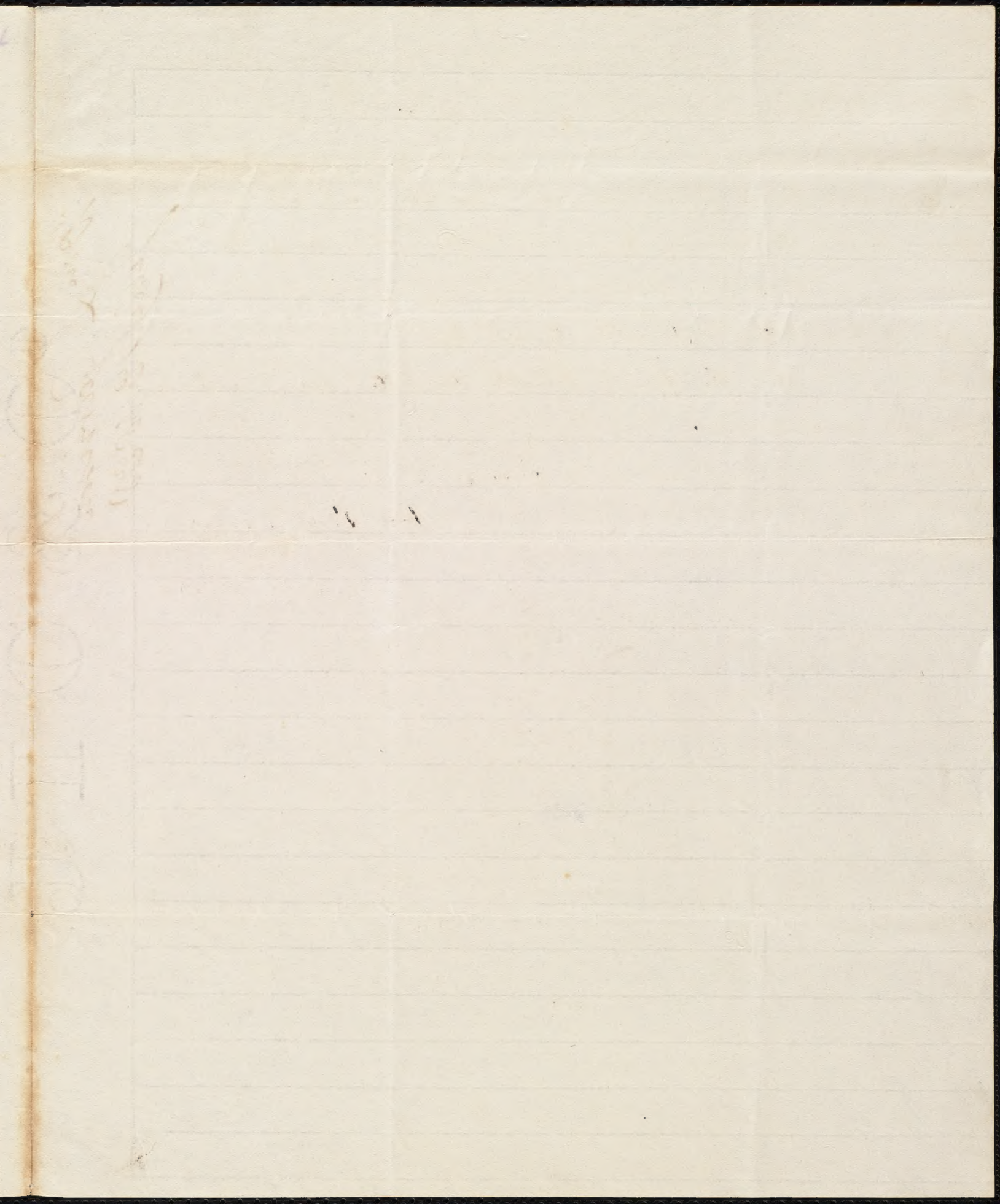
I am mistaken in saying, that I have no intelligence to communicate. The piece of land in front of our garden, (less than half an acre in extent,) has at last been mown, and the hay got into the barn, without any rain having fallen upon it! - The like event not having been known within the memory of - I don't know how many persons.

But here the stage comes - I meant to have written you a long letter, and will by and by.

All the family freight this letter heavily with affectionate remembrances.

Your loving friend,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.



Samuel J. May,

South Scituate,

Mass.

Wm. D. Garrison
July 13. 1838